

The New Opium War

by Frank Browning and Banning Garrett

"**M**R. PRESIDENT, THE SPECTER OF heroin addiction is haunting nearly every community in the nation." With these urgent words, Senator Vance Hartke spoke up on March 2, in support of a resolution on drug control being considered in the U.S. Senate. Estimating that there are 500,000 heroin addicts in the U.S., he pointed out that nearly 20 percent of them are teenagers. The concern of Hartke and others is not misplaced. Heroin has become the major killer of young people between 18 and 35, outpacing death from accidents, suicides or cancer. It has also become a major cause of crime: to sustain their habits, addicts in the U.S. spend more than \$15 million a day, half of it coming from the 55 percent of crime in the cities which they commit and the annual \$2.5 billion worth of goods they steal.

Once safely isolated as part of the destructive funkiness of the black ghetto, heroin has suddenly spread out into Middle America, becoming as much a part of suburbia as the Saturday barbecue. This has gained it the attention it otherwise never would have had. President Nixon himself says it is spreading with "pandemic virulence." People are becoming aware that teenagers are shooting up at lunchtime in schools and returning to classrooms to nod the day away. But what they don't know—and what no one is telling them—is that neither the volcanic eruption of addiction in this country nor the crimes it causes would be possible without the age-old international trade in opium (from which heroin is derived), or that heroin addiction—like inflation, unemployment, and most of the other chaotic forces in American society today—is directly related to the U.S. war in Indochina.

The connection between war and opium in Asia is as old as empire itself. But the relationship has never been so symbiotic, so intricate in its networks and so vast in its implications. Never before has the trail of tragedy been so clearly marked as in the present phase of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. For the international traffic in opium has expanded in lockstep with the expanding U.S. military presence there, just as heroin has stalked the same young people in U.S. high schools who will also be called on to fight that war. The ironies that have accompanied the war in Vietnam since its onset are more poignant than before. At the very moment that public officials are wringing their hands over the heroin problem, Washington's own Cold War crusade, replete with clandestine activities that would seem far-fetched even in a spy novel, continues to play a major role in a process that has already rerouted the opium traffic from the Middle East to Southeast Asia and is every day opening new channels for its shipment to the U.S. At the same time the government starts crash programs to rehabilitate drug users

among its young people, the young soldiers it is sending to Vietnam are getting hooked and dying of overdoses at the rate of one a day. While the President is declaring war on narcotics and on crime in the streets, he is widening the war in Laos, whose principal product is opium and which has now become the funnel for nearly half the world's supply of the narcotic, for which the U.S. is the chief consumer.

There would have been a bloodthirsty logic behind the expansion of the war into Laos if the thrust had been to seize supply centers of opium the communists were hoarding up to spread like a deadly virus into the free world. But the communists did not control the opium there: processing and distribution were already in the hands of the free world. Who are the principals of this new opium war? The ubiquitous CIA, whose role in getting the U.S. into Vietnam is well known but whose pivotal position in the opium trade is not; and a rogue's gallery of organizations and people—from an opium army subsidized by the Nationalist Chinese to such familiar names as Madame Nhu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky—who are the creations of U.S. policy in that part of the world.

The story of opium in Southeast Asia is a strange one at every turn. But the conclusion is known in advance: this war has come home again—in a silky grey powder that goes from a syringe into America's mainline.

"**M**OST OF THE OPIUM IN Southeast Asia is grown in a region known as the "Fertile Triangle," an area covering northwestern Burma, northern Thailand, and Laos. It is a mountainous jungle inhabited by tigers, elephants, and some of the most poisonous snakes in the world. The source of the opium that shares the area with these exotic animals is the poppy, and the main growers are the Meo hill tribespeople who inhabit the region. The Meo men chop back the forests in the wet season so that the crop can be planted in August and September. Poppies produce red, white or purple blossoms between January and March, and when the blossom withers, an egg-sized pod is left. The women harvest the crop and make a small incision in the pod with a three-bladed knife. The pod exudes a white latex-like substance which is left to accumulate and thicken for a day or two. Then it is carefully gathered, boiled to remove gross impurities, and the sticky substance is rolled into balls weighing several pounds. A fraction of the opium remains to be smoked by the villagers, but most is sold in nearby rendezvous with the local smugglers. It is the Meos' only cash crop. The hill tribe growers can collect as much as \$50 per kilo, paid in gold, silver, various commodities, or local currency. The same kilo will bring \$200 in Saigon and \$2000 in San Francisco.

There are hundreds of routes, and certainly as many methods of transport by which the smugglers ship opium—

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